



## A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvellous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

For Sale by all Druggists.

## She Invents Costumes.

Mrs. Hobbs Lawson is the inventor of the "Boston practical freedom skirt," a costume not conspicuously different in appearance from the ordinary dress of women, but allowing much more freedom and comfort to the wearer. Mrs. Lawson has devised three other kinds of suits in addition to this street costume—a bicycle suit, a riding habit and what she calls a "tramping costume" for long walks.—Boston Letter.

## Tailor Made Women.

"What a fine man hath your tailor made you!" may be chanced this year to read "What a fine woman hath your tailor made you!" for at least eight out of every ten women one meets on the street are tailor made, or made by their tailors—which ever you prefer to call it—and the other two are dying to be. And right natty do they look too.—Cincinnati Commercial.

## Pushing to the Front.

Mrs. Maggie M. Harding of Charter Oak, Ia., who was admitted to practice in the state courts at Des Moines some time ago, has just been admitted to practice in the United States court in Iowa. It is claimed that she is the first woman to achieve that distinction.—Des Moines Correspondent.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, president of the Maine Woman's Christian Temperance union, has a beautiful pin set with diamonds and precious stones, the gift of Lady Henry Somerset. Mrs. Stevens has succeeded herself as president for the sixteenth time.

The president has approved the bill granting a pension to Hannah Lyons, 91 years of age, daughter of John Russell, the Revolutionary soldier whose statue stands on guard at Trenton battle monument.

Mrs. Mary Ann Blair of Warren, Mass., an old friend and schoolmate of Lucy Stone, has presented the Warren public library with a beautiful portrait of her, a photograph enlarged to life size.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith, who was an instructor in history at Wellesley a few years ago, has just been appointed assistant professor of economics at Stanford university.

Mrs. Helen D. Harford has been nominated for superintendent of public instruction on the Oregon Prohibition ticket.

François E. Willard expects to return to this country in May or June. Her health is much improved.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris arrived at New York recently on a visit to her mother and family.

Shirts mended by the Peerless.



THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

## THE REALM OF STYLE

SOME NEW FANCIES FOR MILD WEATHER WRAPS.

They Are Not Intended For Warmth, but For Looks—Black Spanish Lace—Some New Skirts—Pretty Dresses For Little Girls.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 3.—I think we ought to be glad that the spring wraps and mantles are not so burdened around the neck and shoulders with ruffles as they were, for though we might call those thick plaited or sprung ruffles stylish we could not call them refined. They stood up so squarely and looked so stiff that nothing but the fact that they were "stylish" could have reconciled us to them.

The wraps now to be worn are not intended for warmth, but simply to have something over the shoulders, for, though many like to wear a strictly tail-



NOVELTIES IN SPRING GARMENTS.

For suit, many others have a shrinking dislike to appear on the street "in their figures," as they used to call it. For such are the graceful and womanly little mantles made of lace and silk and decorated with all sorts of pretty fancies. One seen yesterday was very dainty. It was of black surah with a polka dot inswivel pattern at intervals. There was a high, pointed velvet collar, edged with jet beads. This collar was slashed into three points, front and back, and the intervening spaces were filled in with surah. The surah was cut in a deep ruffle and plaited only on the top of the shoulder, and it was edged with jet trimming. Beneath this was a fall of lace. There was a tab of the surah hanging in jabot fashion, and on each point there was a small bow of black ribbon. The whole wrap was extremely pretty and could be worn over any gown and to any place.

Another handsome wrap had a round flat collar of black faille sewed with jet ornaments. Above this a lace ruff stood up to the chin, and from the lower edge there fell a fall cape of black Spanish lace 18 inches deep. There were two jabot tabs in front made of the faille doubled, and this was sewed with jet beads in a palm leaf pattern, ending in piquets. The lady who wore this wrap had two panels made of two lengths of black lace set on the sides of her gown, which was of chardon and brown striped taffeta. This gave the effect of tabs to the bottom, and though I am not quite certain I think they were poetic, as I am sure I saw a black safety pin. I mention this because it gave a much more elaborate effect than the wrap would have had without them.

Black Spanish lace is very rich and is cheaper than I have ever seen it. There are also excellent imitations which give good wear, and which are used very lavishly on many handsome gowns.

Some of the skirts are cut to resemble the old overskirts that used to be draped in festoons, and some are trimmed to appear like overskirt draping. I remember one gown of cigale green twilled silk that had bands of bias black velvet arranged down the seams and backward in a manner to suggest overlapping breadths, the whole forming an overskirt reaching almost to the bottom in the back. Across the front at the bottom was a band of black velvet laid flat, with two rolled bands of gray velvet at the edges. It made a striking dress, but not one to my taste. There are other people in the world besides myself, and it may suit some one of the others.

Let me refresh myself with telling about the wee girls. A very pretty little suit was made of Quaker drab cashmere trimmed with white lace and



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

feather stitching. There were two wide ruffles around the shoulders, and there was a flaring shirred hood of drab surah, with cherry ribbon and a shaded plume. There was a home frock of olive green camel's hair, with plaits laid to a square yoke, and with black lace insertion put flat as trimming. The plaits were from top to bottom and were tucked only to the waist. Another frock was of pale blue delaine, also plaited to a yoke. The skirt was trimmed with nine rows of black soutache in clusters of three, and between them were two rows of fancy stitching. The upper parts of the sleeves had four ruffles, each with a row of fancy feather stitching, with one line of soutache brought directly in the center of the needwork. All three of these little frocks are models in design and fitness.

OLIVE HARPER.



THE GATHERED BLOUSE.

## JUST CAR FARE.

How Much a Broker Made Out of a Little Transaction.

The ways of the New York broker are artful, and his eyes are always open for an opportunity. When he has a chance to "make a good bargain," he doesn't let grass grow under his feet. The head of a steamship company recently said to a Wall street broker: "I wish I could get a certain pier privilege. It's so cold and so." "Well, why don't you go and get it?" asked the broker. "I can't seem to get hold of it." "The pier business," said the broker, "isn't in my line, but how much would you give me for this privilege if I get it?" "I'll give you \$1,000 a month for a year." The broker said that he would see what he could do. The pier was owned by a Philadelphia man, and the next afternoon the man from Wall street walked into the office of the pier owner in Philadelphia. "I want you to buy some bonds," he said. "Don't want to buy anything," was the answer. "I'm selling." "But these are gilt-edged. You never saw anything better." "Can't buy anything. Haven't any money. Got a lot of things on my hands that aren't paying a cent. These are hard times, I tell you. I've got stores that I can't rent, bills that I can't collect. Why, there's a pier over in your city that isn't doing what it ought to do for me. A privilege there is just begging for some one to take it." "Well," said the broker, "I want to sell you some of these bonds. We might make a 'dicker' on the pier. I guess I could get rid of it. Will you take the bonds off my hands if I take the pier privilege off yours?" "I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid of your pier?" "No, I am carrying all I want." "Well, maybe I'll take your pier anyway. How much do you want for it?" "Three thousand dollars a year."

The broker thought he might as well take the privilege, even if they couldn't strike a bargain on bonds. The next morning he went to the New York steamship man. "I can get that pier for you for a year," he said.

"At what terms?" "Your own figures—\$12,000 a year." The privilege was relet right then and there, the contract signed, and the broker was just \$9,000 better off. A short time after this the steamship man met the broker again.

"Say, X," he said, "tell me now, just for fun, what did you make out of that pier business?" "Car fare," answered the broker unblushingly.

"Yes, car fare—around the world."—New York Tribune.

## Forestalled.



Mrs. Cobwiger—I bought a necktie here yesterday, and the one you sent home wasn't anything like it. Haberdasher—The one we sent, madam, was picked out by your husband a month ago in case you ever bought one for him.—Puck.

## He Wanted to Know.

Mr. Frank Lockwood, the eminent English Q. C., has a well deserved reputation as a humorist, as the following will show. Mr. Lockwood, having been invited to stay for a couple of days at a friend's country house, decided to accept the invitation if his host were willing to extend his hospitality for an additional two days. The genial Q. C. therefore telegraphed:

May I make it four days? And the message was duly delivered to Mr. X., who, after paying 6 shillings for its delivery, replied:

Yes, of course, but don't telegraph. Toward evening the mounted telegraph messenger again appeared and once more demanded a further 6 shillings for his services. The telegram when opened read as follows:

Why Not? Lockwood. —Green Bag.

## For Breakfast.

No inconsiderable number of minutes had lengthened into hours. "Canst thou not hear?" His hands were clasped upon his breast. "the beating of the heart that"

Something in her manner bade him pause.

"No," she said. "Beefsteak, not heart. Sure thing."

Almost as she spoke a cold, gray dawn broke.—Detroit Tribune.

## A Latter Day Shakespeare.

Professor—We have several special courses, and the one you are to choose must depend on the trade or profession you desire to follow.

Aspiring Youth—My father wants me to be a bridge builder, but I should like to be a dramatist.

Professor—Very well; take the course of mechanical engineering. That will fit you for both.—Good News.

## The Gold Cure's Weak Point.

Winkers—The gold cure may be a good thing in its way, but it has one insurmountable objection. It costs money.

Blunkers—The curing of any disease costs money.

Winkers—Of course, but with inebriety it is different. A man never feels the need of a cure till his money is all gone.—New York Weekly.

## A Noble Aim.

Parker—Poor old Brownley! He's become insane, I hear, working at that telephone invention.

Barker—What was he trying to invent? Parker—A device for preventing people from calling you up when you don't want to talk with them.—Puck.

## A Mint.

"How is it that you make so much money out of that slot machine? It claims to tell the correct age, doesn't it?"

Proprietor—Yes, but I've had it fixed so it misses it by 10 years every time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## THEY KEPT OPEN.

But Changed Their Minds After the Experiment Had Been Tried.

"The trouble with us," said the druggist thoughtfully, "is that we don't keep open late enough. There is lots of late business at a drug store, and a man will patronize that store in the daytime that he is obliged to patronize at night. It would pay us to keep open later and not rely so much on the night bell."

The partner was a little doubtful and called attention to the extra expense for gas and a clerk, but he finally gave in the main argument being that the late sales would certainly pay the extra expense, and that the number of regular patrons secured would result in a profit.

Both staid up the first night, one on enthusiasm and the other skeptical. One explained that of course they couldn't expect a customer to drop in the first thing, and the other remarked that he would be surprised if they sold enough in three nights to pay for the gas burned by one jet in half an hour.

They watched the people who occasionally passed the store, and the partner shrugged his shoulders and said: "See!" every time a man went by.

It was pretty nearly time to close up when a boy came in and bought a 10 cent package of cigarettes. The druggist would have enjoyed throwing the boy out, as he heard his partner laugh, but he refrained. It was nearly midnight, and the two extra hours they had remained open had resulted in a profit of a cent or a cent and a half.

Then a man came hurrying along the street. He saw the light in the window and made a bee line for the store.

"Here he comes," exclaimed the druggist joyfully. "Some one sick, sure. I tell you we ought to keep open for humanity's sake if not for profit."

"George! I was afraid I wouldn't find you open," exclaimed the man as he entered.

"We intend to remain open till 12 or 12:30 after this," explained the druggist as he went around behind the counter.

"It's a good thing a good thing," said the man approvingly. "One can never tell when he may need something from a drug store. Give me three 3 cent stamps, please."

Not a word was said as they closed and locked the doors. The druggist did not feel like saying anything, and the partner thought it dangerous. And the next night they closed between 9 and 10, as they had formerly done.—Chicago Tribune.

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